The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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A GLANCE AT THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is agreed by members of all the political parties, and by people in general, that the presidential campaign of 1896 is the most important since the Civil War. It is a campaign in which the issues are clear and distinct; the policies of the respective parties definite and unmistakable. There will be no attempt in this article to give anything but a bare outline of the issues at stake, and no attempt to discuss any party policies but those of the Democratic and Republican parties, except in the case where some other party has indorsed the policy of one of the two great parties.

The question most discussed, and the one considered by perhaps the majority of the people as the most important issue of the campaign, is the money question. The Republican party in its platform, adopted at St. Louis in June, declared itself in favor of the "existing gold standard," and opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement. As the platform suggests, the monetary standard of the United States is gold. Gold is also the standard of every other great nation to-day. An important distinction must be made between standard and currency. Our

curreney eonsists of gold, silver, paper, copper, niekel, but our standard is gold; *i. e.*, we take gold as the basis for measuring the value of all other eommodities, and, furthermore, the United States Government stands ready to make all other money issued by it as good as gold. This is the policy which the Republiean party would continue, unless all the great nations of the world should agree to adopt a double standard.

The Demoeratie party, in its platform adopted at Chieago in July, declared in favor of the free and unlimited eoinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Populist party, the National Silver party, and one branch of the Prohibitionist party, have also deelared in favor of the free eoinage of silver. The meaning of the free eoinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is, that under such a policy anyone eould bring silver bullion to the mint and have it eoined free of charge, as is the ease with gold now; and, furthermore, that the Government should eonsider sixteen ounees of silver equal in value to one ounee of gold, and should coin the silver in aecordanee with that ratio.

Sixteen to one was the last ratio between gold and silver fixed by the Government. The first ratio fixed was 15 to 1, then it was ehanged to $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and finally to 16 to 1; the change in each case being made beeause of a ehange in the market value of silver. It was the purpose of the Government to have the legal ratio as nearly as possible the same as the market ratio; and when the ratio of 16 to 1 was fixed, that was the market ratio of the two metals. To-day, one ounee of gold is equal in value to about thirty-one ounees of silver in open market; or in other words, the present market ratio is 31 to 1. The advoeates of free eoinage of silver, however, demand that the ratio of 16 to 1 be adopted, elaiming that that is the normal, rightful ratio; and that the priee of silver has been foreed down by the adoption of the gold standard.

They eontend, further, that the seareity of gold has enhaneed the value of the dollar, and has thus eaused the priees of all eommodities to fall, as expressed in terms of money. They believe that the enhaneement in the value of the dollar has been unjust to the debtor elass; that it eompels them to pay more in settlement of a debt than was represented by the debt at the time of its eontraetion. They hold that the fall in priees has worked harm to the produeer, beeause it has deereased the value of his produets. They argue that the free eoinage of silver would make money plenty, and would

therefore make it easier for the debtor to pay his debts, and would enable the producer to get better prices for his products.

The opponents of the free coinage of silver say, in answer to these arguments, that the value of a thing is determined by its market price; that prices cannot be fixed by legislation; that it would be no more absurd for the United States to say that the price of a bushel of corn shall be $1.00 when the market price is 50 cents, than to say that the value of an ounce of silver shall be $1.29, when the market price is 67 or 68 cents per ounce.

They say that the fall in prices is not due to scarcity of gold or of money in general; that the amount of money *per capita* is greater than at the time of the adoption of the gold standard; that the fall in the price of silver is due to the great increase in the supply, the fall in the prices of manufactured products to the use of improved machinery, and the fall in the great agricultural staples to the opening up of wheat and cotton fields in other countries. They point to the fact that wages have not fallen but have risen, as proof that the fall in the prices of commodities is due to particular causes, and not to scarcity of money. They hold, therefore, that the value of the dollar has not been enhanced, and that no injustice has been done the debtor; that since the fall in prices has been due to natural causes, the gold standard has not been the cause of harm to the producer; furthermore, that a rise in prices in general will not be of advantage to anyone, for although a man will get more for the products which he sells, he will also have to pay more for the products which he buys.

The opponents of free coinage of silver contend, moreover, that wages would not advance as rapidly as prices; that the merchant would immediately advance the prices of his goods, but that the employer would not so quickly advance the wages of his employees; that history proves that wages have never advanced as rapidly as prices have advanced, and that, therefore, by the free coinage of silver, a great injury would be inflicted on all wage earners and on all people employed at a fixed salary. They argue, too, that the holders of all fixed obligations would suffer, because, although they would receive the same number of dollars, yet those dollars would be of less purchasing power than the ones which the obligation represents; that to this class belong all who have deposits in savings banks, those who receive pensions, and all creditors.

In reply to the arguments of the gold people, setting forth the evils of cheap money, the silver people say that the adoption of free coinage of silver by the United States, at the ratio of 16 to 1, and its agreement to coin all silver brought to its mints at that ratio, would raise the market price of silver so that 16 to 1 would be the market ratio of the two metals as well as the coinage ratio; and that, in consequence, the value of the silver in a silver dollar would be 100 cents, instead of 53 cents, as it is now, and that, therefore, the dollar would have as great purchasing power as it has now, and so the value of wages and of savings bank deposits would not be lessened.

The gold people immediately point out that if this last contention of the silver people is true, the former claim, that the value of the dollar has been enhanced by the gold standard, cannot stand. But they contend that it is not true; that the United States cannot absorb all the silver in the world, and so cannot raise the price by offering a market for the world's silver at $1.29 per ounce. They point to our experience under the Sherman Act, when, although we bought 2,250 tons of silver per year for three years, yet the price of silver steadily fell. They call attention, too, to the fact that, under free coinage, the United States would not be responsible to make the silver dollar as good as gold, but that it would simply stamp the silver as a dollar, and send it out to fight its own battle with gold. They claim that the result would be a depreciated dollar, and cite as a warning the experience of Mexico, where, under free coinage of silver, the silver dollar has decreased in value as silver has decreased in price. They say that a depreciated dollar is a dishonest dollar, because if used to pay debts contracted in the past, when the dollar was worth more, the real amount of the debt will not be paid; that in fact a portion of it will, to all practical intent, be repudiated. They say, too, that under free coinage of silver the dollar would be an uncertain dollar, because its value would depend on the market price of silver, and the market price of silver varies from day to day; that, therefore, all confidence would be destroyed and industry paralyzed.

The opponents of free coinage go further. They claim that under the free coinage of silver the United States would be obliged to pay its obligations in a depreciated dollar, and would thereby repudiate a part of its lawful indebtedness; that the result would be to shatter the national credit and blacken the national honor.

But there is another question which stands beside the silver question and disputes with it the claim to first importance, and that is the tariff question. The tariff question is considered by a majority of the Republican party, at least, as of more importance than the silver question; not because it entails consequences of such momentous immediate importance as does the silver question, but because they consider that our present tariff policy is the cause of the present distress and business depression—the hard times; the cause of the conditions which have given rise to the demand for the free coinage of silver. They believe that if the tariff were remodeled on protective tariff lines, prosperity would return and the demand for free coinage of silver disappear. This has been the position taken again and again by Republican leaders. This is the ground taken by Major McKinley in his letter of acceptance.

The Republican party is pledged by all its history and by every platform ever adopted, as well as by the platform adopted last June, to a protective tariff. A protective tariff is a duty levied on all articles of foreign production such as are or may be produced in this country, sufficient to measure the difference in cost of production in this country and in foreign countries. As a corollary to this is the principle that all articles which cannot be produced in this country, except luxuries, should be admitted free. These two statements sum up the policy of the Republican party.

The Democratic party, in its platform adopted in July, declared for a tariff for revenue only; *i. e.*, the Democratic party believes in levying customs duties only for the sake of revenue, and not to afford protection to any industry. A revenue tariff is a duty levied for the sake of revenue on articles of foreign production. A tariff for revenue only, should properly, in order to avoid containing any of the elements of a protective tariff, be levied on articles of foreign production which cannot be produced in this country. The advocates of a revenue tariff claim that any duty on imports is a tax, and that, therefore, a protective tariff is a tax, and enhances the price of the product on which it is levied to the consumer, even as does the revenue tariff; but that in contradistinction to a revenue tariff, it not only enhances the price of the foreign product, but enables the American producer to add the amount of the tariff to the American product; that this additional price on the American product is a direct bonus to the American producer paid

by the consumer; that if it is true, as claimed by protectionists, that certain articles cannot be produced as cheaply in this country as in foreign countries, we should either find means by which to produce them as cheaply or give up the business; that we should buy where we can buy the cheapest.

Protectionists claim that the cost of production of many articles is greater in this country than in foreign countries, the greater cost being due almost wholly, if not wholly, to the higher wages paid here; that if the foreign products were admitted free, the foreign producer could and would undersell the American producer, and force him out of business or compel him to reduce wages; that our markets would be flooded with foreign goods, our industries be at a standstill, and our people out of work. They claim that the tariff is not always a tax on the consumer, but is sometimes paid by the foreign producer as the price of our market; that in cases where the tariff does enhance the price of the foreign product, and thereby permit the American producer to sell his product for the same price, it is not a bonus to the American producer, because it measures only the difference in cost of production; represents the difference between American and foreign wages, and is necessary to enable the American producer to continue in business. They hold that to "buy where you can buy the cheapest" is not a safe rule to follow if it means buying the products of cheap foreign labor, and so tending to cheapen American labor. They hold that the year 1891 and that part of 1892 previous to the presidential election of that year was the most prosperous time in our history; and point to the fact that the protective tariff law, known as the McKinley bill, was in force at that time. They contend that business depression was due first to apprehension of the reversal of the protective tariff policy, and afterward to the actual reversal of it.

The different views as to the relative importance of the silver question and the tariff question has given rise to considerable shifting of party allegiance. There are those who believe in both the free coinage of silver and in a protective tariff. As a matter of course these are members of the Republican party, since in the past the tariff has been the dividing line between the parties. Some of them believe the silver question to be the more important, and have therefore decided to support the Democratic nominees. Such a one is Senator Teller, of Colorado. Others believe the tariff to be

more important, and will therefore support the Republican ticket. Such a one is Senator Carter, of Montana. On the other hand, there are those who do not believe in either free coinage of silver or in a protective tariff, and so must decide between the two evils. To this class belong the bolting Democrats. They believe the silver question to be more important, and will assist in the election of Major McKinley, some by direct vote, others by voting for the independent ticket nominated by them.

The situation as a whole is peculiar. Each party is pledged to an aggressive policy of its own, and each is opposed strenuously to the aggressive policy of the other. The Democratic party, if it should gain full control of the Government, would immediately pass a law permitting the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; if the Republican party should be successful, its "first duty," to quote Major McKinley, would be "the re-enactment of a tariff law which will raise all the money necessary to conduct the Government economically and honestly administered, and so adjusted as to give preference to home manufactures and adequate protection to home labor and the home market."

The Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Bryan advocates, as the cure for "hard times," the opening of our mints for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, on the ground that there is scarcity of money; that with scarcity of money factories cannot open or labor be employed, because there is not sufficient money to pay wages or buy goods. The Republican party, under the leadership of Major McKinley, advocates, as a cure for "hard times," a protective tariff, on the ground that it would give us "open mills for the free and unrestricted employment of American labor"; that labor is the creator of wealth, and money only the measuring power; that it would be no more absurd to try to start a woolen mill by manufacturing yardsticks with which to measure the cloth, than it would be to try to create employment for labor by increasing the volume of that by which the value of labor is measured; that there is sufficient money in the country for all business needs, but not enough work for the people.

But there are other issues at stake besides the questions of our financial policy and our tariff policy, two of which, at least, are of great importance. The Democratic party, in declaring in favor of an income tax, referred in its platform to the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States had declared

the income tax law unconstitutional, and criticised the action of the Court in such a way that many people have taken it to mean that the party, if successful, would remodel the Supreme Court for the purpose of having an income tax law declared constitutional. A great many people have made this a reason for opposing the Democratic party, believing that this is a more important question than either the silver question or the tariff question, because they see in it a menace to the stability of our Government.

The Democratic party declared that the Federal Government has no right to send troops into any State to quell disorder; that such power belongs to the State authorities alone. Many people oppose the Democratic party on this issue, because they believe such a policy would be a menace to law and order.

There is one other question touched upon, though it is by no means an issue in this campaign, that is of especial interest to women. The Republican party declared in its platform that it is "not unmindful of the interests of women"; that it favors the enlargement and extension of their opportunities; that the Republican policy of protection tends to secure equal pay for equal work; and that the party heartily welcomes and invites the co-operation of women. This plank is somewhat meaningless, but the suggestion of "equal pay for equal work" is certainly a step in advance, and the fact that special mention is made of the interests of women and their co-operation invited is of great importance; is a landmark; is a sign of the times. The fact, too, that numerous delegations of women, both alone and in company with delegations of men, have visited the Republican candidate is also suggestive.

No article of this nature would be complete without a few words about the character of the candidates. The country is fortunate, indeed, in having for the leaders of the two parties men of blameless reputation. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley are men of spotless private character, and of blameless public life. I said the country was fortunate, but it is no more fortunate than it ought to be. The people of this country ought to demand that the characters of the men nominated for the presidency of the United States should be without spot or blemish. Let us hope that this is the beginning of better days when, in politics, principles of morality will be considered as well as questions of economics.

GAIL LAUGHLIN, '94.

OLD ADAMS.

THE hotel office was the gathering place of the choice spirits of Caterets. Of the assembly which there weighed the affairs of the nation, more particularly the affairs of Kentucky, and most particularly the affairs of Caterets, the most unwavering light was Wilson Adams, known as "Old Adams." Other men occasionally spent a few hours at home with their families, but Old Adams had no family. All his days, and most of his nights, he spent in the office. The children of Caterets would have felt a sense of strangeness and loss if, in their fearful peepings into the gathering place of wit and wisdom, they had missed his rubicund, kindly face. Their elders who lounged there would also have felt aggrieved, for the socially disposed, eccentric old gentleman was the butt for such jests as the town could invent.

In appearance he had not changed within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. His fat, ruddy face was equally round and equally red from year to year, his hair grew no grayer, his short, sharp-pointed gray side whiskers changed not a whit, and his watery little eyes twinkled with unfailing shrewdness. Winter and summer his tall, stooping figure flapped about in a black alpaca coat, long and baggy, which wrapped inconveniently about his rusty boots, and year after year frayed itself into a deeper fringe about the bottom. At a distance his head took the shape of a miniature haystack. This illusion was due to the small, colorless felt hat which he habitually wore, with its brim rolled up in front and hanging down about his ears and the back of his neck. People were born, lived, married, and died in Caterets, but Old Adams's coat and hat wore on forever.

His garb would never have commended him to one inclined to be mincing or finical. He was more kindly than cleanly. It was no uncommon sight to see Old Adams and some urchin of the town sitting on the stone wall in front of the hotel, both eating peanuts, both happy, and both dirty. Usually the shirt bosom and the round old face were much dirtier than the pinafore and the round young face.

If he had been taxed with the shortcomings of his appearance, he would probably have answered that he had no wife or children to take care of him. His reasons for remaining a bachelor were best known to himself. Certainly they were not founded on any disapproval of marriage. No wooing was begun in Caterets which he did not keep well in sight through to

the wedding with fatherly interest. He had his opinions as to who were the prettiest girls in town; he also knew certain signs by which he could infallibly point out who of these were engaged, and what school miss would next blossom out into a "young lady." He gave opinions and advice to young lovers just as he gave them peanuts and peppermints when they were still playing together in frocks. To the children he was a veritable patron saint. His pockets were always full of "nickels"; he was always ready to tell tales, or buy candy; above all, he was always so attractively dirty.

Stout and cheerful as he seemed, he was, nevertheless, subject to a mysterious disease. Nobody knew its nature, and nobody ventured to predict its symptoms. At one time he could not sleep unless his head and shoulders were propped up; at another it was his feet which must be elevated. Every night for a year a bucket of cold water was placed by his bed, that he might give his head beneficial dips. On one occasion he kept his bed for two weeks, giving out that his legs were paralyzed. While he was lying in this pitiably helpless condition an alarm of fire was given. Somebody under his window shouted that it was the hotel, and when the other occupants of the house reached the pavement they saw Old Adams rapidly disappearing in the direction of the engine house. So far as mortal eye could see there were but two results of his complex malady; first, that he must have in the office a wooden bench on which he could lie down at any time of the day or night, and, second, that a pitcher of cold buttermilk must always be ready for his use.

Whatever his disease may have been, it never affected his digestion or his desire to make wills. The waiters used to bet on the number of biscuits he would eat for supper, and small boys watched with envy the quantities of jam with which he smoothed down his bread. As to his wills, he usually made a new one whenever a new symptom developed. Caterets told with great relish the story of Old Adams's distant cousin, who heard that he had made his last will in her favor. She sent him a half-gallon bottle of chicken salad, and the old man ate it all in one night. The result was a new symptom and a new will, in which the cousin was not mentioned. There was something very pathetic in the laborious care Old Adams spent upon the bequeathing of his little all. He had no one near and dear to him, and he sought with touching eagerness to give where his gifts would

keep alive his memory, and tinge it with regret for a little while after he had left forever the old haunts at Catarets.

One day the unexpected happened at Caterets. Old Adams died. Died just after he had destroyed his last will, and before he had made a new one. Distant relatives came in and squabbled over his money. Caterets paid no heed to them, but let them squabble. Children came and sat down on the stone wall in front of the hotel and smudged their chubby faces with tears of lonesomeness; young lovers clasped hands a little tighter and looked a little longer into each other's eyes; older men and women drew lines of weariness about their lips and sighed. The gentlest, kindliest soul in Caterets had gone before.

FROM THE SECOND BALCONY.

Far away we could hear the wedding chorus and the glad, solemn notes of the organ accompaniment. Louder and nearer came the sweet boy voices, and the curtain rose on the church scene. The high altar, with its statues and rich crimson draperies, was glowing with the blaze of candles. The great brass gates were partly open. The light from the altar brought out all their delicate, fantastic traceries. The rest of the Gothic church lay in shadow. The chorus stops,—the organ goes on in low, triumphant strains. Then come the six tiny acolytes in their red stoles, who ascend the steps and stand three on each side, then the white-bearded friar, who goes up and kneels at the altar. Through the brass gates they still pour in,—retainers and friends of the lady's family,—then the bridegroom and his friends. The music rises louder in welcome, and slowly up the main aisle comes the bridal procession; first the dainty bridesmaids, then the stately maid of honor, then the slender veiled lady with her father, the proud old father, in his robes of office. The marriage music dies away in a low breath. All is quiet an instant. We shiver a little, thinking of the tragedy to follow.

M. Y. H.

A COMMONPLACE HAPPENING.

No, he did not have "honest blue eyes," a "snub nose," and those inveterate "freckles" everyone adds to grace the interesting and youthful hero of the romance. Neither was he a wicked, sinister product of the

slums, with a drunken father and mother, evil ways, dirty clothes, and a born thief into the bargain. Perhaps if I should tell you that he was stupidly commonplace, and what the boys call "dead slow," you would understand him as well as anyone has ever understood him.

As I remember him first, he had a peculiarly characteristic expression of nothingness on his face. He was shuffling past a brilliantly lighted drug store, and his poor, stupid big eyes unclouded a bit as he gazed at the gumdrops and lozenges in the window. His desire for them was so great that he gave the newspapers under his arm a sympathetic hug. Those newspapers were the only things he had ever had his arms about in his life. Even the dogs, when they took in his ugly, big head and bony, clumsy hands, refused to be petted, and sneaked away from him. Maybe if dogs looked at men's eyes, they would have given him a little more of their friendship out of sheer pity. In fact, the only thing that was not commonplace about him was that he had never been loved even by a dog.

Imagine that he had not considered love as an important factor of life. At this moment he seemed to be thinking rather about the cold more than anything else. As the trolley cars flashed by, their brilliant glare showed his face pinched and white with the chill and hunger. I hardly think that he pitied himself, but was thinking of the substantial noon-day meal he had made in Pie Alley. There was one heavy, greasy sandwich for two cents, and a cup of coffee for three cents, made out of berries that do not grow on coffee plants. Even the aroma might have made you and me sick: not so with him; it was warm, and filled up. And the sandwich—well, if you have ever been twelve hours without a square meal, you will know what it meant to one whose fourteen years had been eked out on the smallest rations of dirty food.

If he could only sell five papers, that meant a comfortable feeling under his jacket, and if he did not he would do as he often did,—go without his supper. He saw the smarter boys go darting here and there selling papers, now under the very tender of a trolley car, and sometimes up on its platform. He was too clumsy to do that, and, anyway, he had once broken his ankle jumping off; now it was so stiff that at the best he could only shuffle. So he started across the street to get a customer, and was just crossing the track when there was a thud and the curses of the motor man. What there

was left of the boy lay on the crossing and the track. I suppose that you will agree with me when I say that this also was commonplace.

Fourteen years he had existed, carrying about with him contentedly, and with a heroism worthy of Mrs. Ewing's little hero, a muddled brain and an empty stomach, for neither of which he seemed to be responsible. Maybe if commonplace fellows go to heaven, he is having his reward.

JEANNETTE H. MARKS.

DEAR THOUGHTS.

THE schoolroom was stifling hot one afternoon toward the end of June. Dutifully the teacher was pumping a geography lesson out of his class, and trying, at the same time, to keep order in the room among his restless pupils. One after another looked out of the window at the sunshine and green grass, only to return to lessons with a sigh and a yawn. The front seat of the first aisle belonged to Mary Atley, a girl about thirteen years of age, with pretty hair and an interesting, bright face. One seat behind her in the next aisle sat Art Luce, an overbearing fellow, whom the other boys regarded with fear. Mary fidgeted and twisted; she sat sideways; she sat upright; she sat on one foot,—there was no comfortable position. Soon her cheeks burned, and she felt nervous; and this she knew to be a sure sign of being talked about or of being stared at. Slowly turning to find the offender, her eyes rested on Art Luce. "What are you looking at?" she demanded. "A very ugly face," he replied. Mary silently turned back, sat up straight, put her elbows on the desk, as if to study diligently. Her head throbbed, and the words played hide and seek all over the pages of her book. "Order," commanded the teacher from the desk. "Arms behind you! Up straight!" He tapped the bell as he said, "First division, rise; walk out! Second division! Third! Fourth! Fifth!"

"A very ugly face," Mary repeated to herself, as she walked home from school. "Mamma never told me I was ugly; nor papa; nor my brothers; nor Aunt Ruth. Is that why I am so lonesome sometimes? why the girls never put their arms around me? why no one ever asks me first to play with her?" On reaching home she quietly walked into the sitting

room, put her books on the table, and hurried upstairs, saying to her brother as she passed, in answer to his urgent request to climb trees, "I don't feel hungry for cherries this afternoon, Robert." She reached her room at last, and locked herself in. After a glance into the corners and a search under the bed, she carefully pulled down the curtains. Crossing to the bureau she took up a hand glass. "I shall see, I shall see," she murmured. Seating herself on the floor, she tremulously raised the glass to a level with her face. "My nose is turned up. Mamma always said she was sorry that I had her nose, and she wondered why the worst features should be repeated; but I didn't understand. My complexion would be good but for those freckles. My hair is such a disagreeable length,—too long to hang loose and too short to braid; it must be tied back with this ribbon. Consequently, after sticking out straight for an inch or two, it makes a most ungraceful droop downward. Yes, I am ugly; I can see it now. I understand it all—the lonesomeness and ——"

An hour or so later the form on the floor stirred. Mary rubbed her arm to wake it up. She got up and tried to wash away the stain of tears from her face, and the pattern the carpet had made on her cheek.

A tired, flushed little figure presented itself at the supper table that evening.

"Mary, you have been crying," announced her father, from his commanding post at the head of the table. The silence was broken only by the sound of Mary's feet scraping the carpet.

"What have you been crying for? Were you naughty at school?"

"No, sir," she trembled out.

"What, then?"

"Nothing, only I broke mamma's hand glass."

"Never mind, dear," mamma said, in her sweet, pacifying voice.

"That child is going to have typhoid fever," announced grandma, in her fond anxiety. "She hasn't looked well for some time. Lottie," she continued, addressing her remarks to the mother, "you ought to give her a good dose of catnip tea and put her to bed."

"Yes," said mamma some time later, as if in answer to grandma's suggestion; "you had better go to bed. Come; I'll read you to sleep. What shall it be?"

"Read the stories from Homer. Read about Patroclus and Achilles, who were such friends, you know, and about the Danaides, who lived forever a useless life.

While the mother's voice rose and fell in sweet accents over the Iliad, Mary's little brain was active. "Yes, I see it all," she thought. "I am ugly. I must never thrust myself upon people now; I must be independent,—though I could enjoy a friend so. I wish I were a prin——. O, I see! I will get up, study, recite, walk, mind mamma, and read during the day. But at night I will entertain myself. I will think myself to sleep; I will think about what I wish for, and think and be happy." The voice went on reading—

But Mary was "thinking." "I wish I were a princess, tall and beautiful, with golden hair. I really like brown best, but all the women who are considered most beautiful had golden hair. So I may as well. Helen of Troy had it; Cleopatra had it; Semiramis and Zenobia, and all my adorations. Well, I'll be tall and beautiful, with golden hair. I shall have long, slender fingers, like Mary, Queen of Scots, and occasionally I'll rub them through my golden hair, as she did in 'the Abbot,' when she was signing her abdication papers. My gowns will be ravishingly beautiful, with long trains. Gayly dressed, gloved boys shall carry my train, if I want them to, for I'd rather feel it drag. In all the land no princess will smile so graciously as I, nor be so happy. I shall become personally acquainted with many of my subjects; of course I couldn't know all, for they shall be as numerous as flies in the summer time. All shall adore me. Sometimes I shall even dress as a beggar, and ——" Sleep overtook the thinker. Her eyes closed. The mother shut the book, pulled up the coverlet, and tucked it in snugly. "Poor child, she's all tired out," she said, as she bent over and kissed her.

"Lottie, you see it's just as I told you. That child needed a good dose of catnip tea," said grandma the next morning at the breakfast table, ignorant of the fact that the tea had never been administered.

"Yes," Lottie said, with a little doubtful smile. But Mary walked round the table, and standing in front of grandma, kissed one of her withered cheeks and patted the other with her hand, while she said, "Grandma, your remedies are always just right." And dear old grandma was happy

all that day. She even hummed snatches of song she thought she had forgotten years ago in the turmoil of her married life.

"It was lots of fun last night. One may be happy by one's self," Mary said that evening, as she hopped into bed with the chickens, "to think longer." "Let me see, where was I? O, yes. Sometimes I would even dress as a beggar and ——"

Night after night in this way Mary took up the broken thread of her thinking. PAULINE PITCHER.

THEMES.

THE "SETTLEMENT IDEA."

WE were walking rapidly down the street, discussing the "Settlement Idea."

"It is the nearest approach the world has yet made to realized Christianity," I said.

"I do not know," my friend answered. "I believe those women would do better to stay among the people who love and appreciate them. It is such a frightful waste of themselves to go so far out of their way to do what ——" A feeble gleam of metal from the sidewalk.

"It is a child's little tin spoon," my friend said. And she picked it from the dust, went up the long plank walk and laid it on the doorstep of the cottage.

"She is sure to find it there; and we really did not need to make that train."

THE CHORISTER'S BROTHER.

His face is handsome, but wanting in character. His smile is pleasant, but pointless. His manner lacks polish, his speech lacks directness, his walk lacks energy.

He has no visible business. His friends say he is "unfortunate"; his mother says he has "no business talent"; Aunt Ophelia would call him "shiftless."

I saw him last Sunday leaning against the door of the Bible-class room. He is said to be useful in drawing people into the class; but I noticed that he was not exerting himself.

The chorister brushed past me in the hall.

"Please," I said, detaining him, "where did you find the exquisite prayer response the choir sang this morning?"

"O, that," he said, glancing toward the door, "that is some of my brother's work."

THERE is a spot which I can never see without a pleasant flutter of memories. It stands for happy moments of my childhood, when I had my first glimpse of some of the best delights of life. It tells me that if sorrow must come with years, a deeper power of enjoyment comes also. It reminds me of refreshing bits of chat with friends, and brings back a sense of fellowship made perfect by the enjoyment of music. It recalls some "deathless hours," when the great Spirit of Art, palpably present, closed brooding wings about me, and shut out the shadow of care. Best of all, it promises to repeat the happiness of the past, and make it better in the future.

It is that consecrated, adorable bald spot on the back of Theodore Thomas's head. M. E. C., '88.

SONNET.

Sometimes, methinks thine eyes are blue, dear love,—
The sweet, uncertain blue of summer skies,
When o'er the glad earth misty clouds arise
And veil the wealth and depth of hue above;
And then again methinks thine eyes are gray
Like sober, clouded skies. I see thee weep
For sadder lots than thine. Thy tears fall deep
Within my heart, and wash all ill away.
O shy girl-eyes, that change with every thought!
I take thee for my own and only sky,
And pray sometime the veiling mists may part
In rosy glow, by sunbeams backward caught;
And worthy made through love of thee, may I
Know all the warmth and beauty of thy heart.

MARJORIE EVELYN WAXHAM.

TRUE SELF.

As the violet bloomed a cloud rolled by,
And the earth grew damp with the cold spring rain,
And the poor chilled violet sighed, "In vain!
God did not want me. Too frail am I
For His stern world. I've bloomed to die."

But as it shivered and drooped, the sky
Grew close again, and in the brook
Close at its feet the flower's bent look
Caught a glint of blue. A low glad cry
Broke from its heart, "'Tis an angel's eye!"
Enraptured it scanned the heaven's space,
And never knew 'twas its own sweet face.

MARJORIE EVELYN WAXHAM.

DAYS.

IT is calling day for ideas. They have come and come, made themselves interesting for a few minutes, and gone.

THE road is arched with yellow and scarlet, a glory intangible and indescribable. In the sunlight it is consuming brightness; in the shadow, the softened brilliance from a cathedral window.

THE trees and hillsides blend in a misty gray, and Lake Waban, reflecting either the hills or the leaden clouds, forms part of the total grayness. It is an afternoon in November.

IT is a cold winter's evening. A sort of living gray which turns into darkness without growing dull is abroad. The houses by the road make their presence more and more felt. One by one the lights come out.

IT was early in the morning. Outside the window everything was cold and cheerless. Blueness possessed the earth. The distant hills were inky; the scattered trees a leaden blue; and the snow-covered fields a paler, colder tint.

THERE has been beauty in the day. This morning the old flower man in the "center" smiled and bowed from behind his box of blossoms. This afternoon the first note of a bird came pure and clear from Tupelo.

P. M.

THE LICHENS.

"Now blotches rankling, colored gay or grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
Broke into moss or substances like boils." —*Childe Roland.*

I MADE fast my skiff, leaving my sketching tools in the locker, and took my way along the silent wharf toward land. The fog was shutting down close, and the light was a failing grayness. Behind me the water lay still as

death. Plainly, it would have been impossible that night for me to reach the town where I had chosen to lose myself for a summer's sketching. I was glad, as I watched the increasing dimness, that I had decided to land at the unknown village just seen before the fog closed down altogether. The old wrecked pier seemed to stretch on unendingly before me, its land limit lost in the vagueness. One side had been broken down in winter storms, and the untiring wash had eaten away the earth filling, leaving a dreary skeleton of piles and beams. Not a craft, so much as a fishing skiff, lay alongside. As I went on there took shape out of the mist a stark, abandoned building, once a shelter of goods of lading, now staring hollowly out upon the desolation with black, paneless windows. In the breathless stillness I heard the splash of a fish leaping far out in the bay, and from landward a faint, distant chirr of crickets.

I began to think I had been deceived in the gathering fog. The old hulk of a wharf could not be near the village I had caught sight of. If not, it would be foolish to enter the fog and darkness on a shore of which I was absolutely ignorant. Better to spend the night aboard the skiff, or in the old storehouse on the wharf. I paused, pondering. As the sound of my own footsteps ceased the utter, stagnant silence convinced me. No human life could be within reach. Lief or loth, I must go back.

I had even turned to go before the dim mass against the gray depth of mist at my left began to take shape for me. Then I turned again, and, with a sudden dawning, approached it. I was right; dim in the fog at the edge of the pier, with his face set to the drawn curtain of the mist, sat a man.

I am not averse to solitude; but the sight of a living human thing in this place filled me, as I drew near him, with a sudden glad awakening. And then my mind was filled with wonder at him, at his stillness, at his choice of place and time. He did not turn or move at the sound of my approach more than if he had been carved of granite, and set there in the gray. The pleasant rousing within me died out. My speech held back strangely, and came at last in a voice chilly and unnatural. I spoke, and waited for my answer; and from landward came the faint chirr of the crickets.

At length he turned to answer me. He was bearded and bent, and his voice was like one heard from a distant ship. His face met mine as he spoke, but never his eye. In as few words as might be he told me that he

could find me housing; and without question or comment rose to guide me. He walked a little ahead, a jointless stiffness in his bent knees. Something indescribable about him, apart from his own taciturnity and incuriousness as to myself, made me forbear to question him.

Very soon I saw the blurr of lights here and there in the fog. Presently we seemed to be in a street unlighted except as a glimmer came from this window or that. We turned in at a house set back a little among overhanging trees. The old man knocked long before we were admitted. Through a dim, mold-scented entry we came into a room, long and gaunt walled, where the lamp at one end only made darker, more ominous, the shadows at the other. The householder was an old man, with skin the color of oak leaves that hang all winter. His wife was somewhat younger, black haired and white faced, with a head too narrow and eyes too close set. Like my guide, neither spoke a word beyond what was needed, and each avoided my eye. My old conductor had not been a merry companion, yet I was sorry to see him go.

Next morning early I looked from the window, curious if the weather were fair for leaving the place. I stared long, and once downstairs bargained with my host to keep my room for a week's sketching. For the village might have been that legend town that once sank into the earth, and now rises to the daylight once in a hundred years, it was so still and quaint. The street was so wide that the facing row of houses might have been half of another thoroughfare, the two completing ranks between swept away. The broad stretch was green except for narrow tracks at both sides. At each end was a graveyard, shaped to the outline of an antique coffin; just beyond the landward one stood the mill, brandishing its arms in defense of the town; near the seaward was a pond, where ducks were gossiping. The houses for the most part stood gablewise to the street, their doors opening upon the sidewalk. Some had roofs of unequally divided slope; others an overhanging second story that brooded over the street, and the door beneath divided across. The whole place was quiet as the sunshine it lay in. Over it all was an air of aloofness and unchangingness that seemed to place it beyond the world of actualities.

The oddest, most captivating feature of the place, however, did not strike upon me definitely for some time. Then I saw what it was chiefly

that gave the pervading air of hoary age. Trees, houses, fences, the mill, the gravestones, all were gray-bearded with a patriarchal growth of lichens, close-set, envious of every inch of foothold. Leaning out of my window in curious interest, my hand touched the long-shingled facing of the house, overlaid with a coating thick as swamp moss and soft with the night's dampness. Curiously noting, I saw the shutters of the long-disused room I slept in, the very wood of the sash, grayed over with a finer growth. I drew back into the room; the breeze blew chilly from the water for all the sunshine; my hand retained the dark contact of the lichens it had rested on, and I shuddered a little as I turned.

At breakfast I asked many questions, with no great result. The old man did not know why the lichens grow so thickly. When he was a boy they had not been so; by little and little they had spread. As to the kind, they seemed the common sort; I might see for myself. For himself he never thought of them. They did not disturb him, nor he them. Fruit trees? Perhaps they were not good for those; but he and his wife cared little for the apples, and no one bought them, so it mattered nothing.

That morning I set out with enthusiasm for the sketching tools in my skiff, eager to try an effect so novel. By daylight I found that even the old wharf building, in the parts of it out of reach of the salt spray, was furzed over with the universal growth. I set up my umbrella and folding easel on a little slope facing the old mill. Before taking out my colors, I sat to watch awhile the turning mill sails. The unresting motion began to take color for me, after a time, as a futile attempt of the thing to leave the ground where it stood, like the effort of the wing-singed insect. I sat digging my mahl-stick into the ground and looking down the sunlit street. They had all had freedom once, the little gray houses now ranged so stolidly. Year after year from disuse their wings had fallen away; and now for their sin the lichens had come upon them. The mill alone still retained a little spirit to rouse from time to time to the old desire. The empty notion gave me a stupid pleasure, and I fell into a mood as idle. The rest of the morning I spent under a twisted apple tree, with overhead the sky and the shifting massed leaves, cool in shade depths, or translucent luscious green-gold in the sun.

In the afternoon it was no better. I wandered long with easel and sketch box choosing a place, until at length I came upon the old wharf. For the sake of a chest full of salt air I sat down. The bay was shaded from the richest sapphire through steel blue to pale lavender gray at the horizon. Outside it was dancing with a gentle breeze, but in the lee of the wharf it was calm and clear as glass. Looking in, I could see every black snail on the bottom, and all the goggling shrimps sunning themselves in row, head downward, on the sides of the stones, like inverted caryatides. At sunset I was still sitting there.

The next day passed in much the same way. I made no sketches; I did not even care to wonder at my own dalliance, I, usually so zealous a brush man. The day after I gave up pretending to carry my sketch box, left easel and mahl-stick and all in a vine-grown porch at the side, ready at wish. I noticed in passing how the envious lichens had found foothold even on the older growth of vine stems. Then I wandered off, unhampered, to my own idleness.

For it remained unshared, as I found everyone's did. No one worked, in any seriousness of the word. The sternest labor that I saw was an odd hour's tilling or woodcutting, or an early haul of seines. For the rest, the people idled. And yet there was no pleasure. Each one frittered at trifles or lounged outright without companionship or interest. In speaking with them I found invariably a mental inelasticity, a slowness of comprehension even of the mere articulate sound of my words, such as I had never met with before. All of these things I found in the young people no less than in the old. All had the same sodden face, the same dull, evasive eye; and if there were any difference, it seemed to me that I found more lethargy, more stiffness in the young than in the old.

That night I asked if I should be allowed to remain longer in case I had not made all the sketches I wished at the end of the week. My host said I might. Then his old parchment face, so heavy and mirthless, cracked into an uncouth smile so foreign to it, so unexpected, that I started; I believe, shuddered.

"You will stay," he said. "Nobody ever goes away from here." I smiled at the time in appreciation of this unlooked-for humor. Yet afterwards it appeared to me that the saying might indeed have some seriousness

of meaning. It was perfectly probable that none of the townspeople ever did go away. The supposition was in keeping with their universal character. Moreover, it was inconceivable that they should be able to adjust themselves to life if they should leave the place. The first who tried would have returned, a warning to all others.

I cannot tell how I spent the next week. I am only sure I made no sketches. The time passed with the rapidity of utter eventlessness that has no waymarks for hours or days. Day after day I grew more and more content, less and less either unhappy or happy,—until there came a certain night.

I roused slowly from a thick sleep, like stupor, with a nameless dreadful sinking at the heart before I was fairly conscious where I was, or how it went with me. Then the whole sum of my days in the place passed before me; all I had seen and known in them heightened to a hateful color,—a ghastly arrival, a dreary people, a horrible death growth of lichens over everything; through it all a sense of my own time wasted there, that gathered and grew to the strength of remorse. I writhed and tossed in strange torment. Only let morning come and I would sail away from that stagnation forever. And so, calmer by the resolution, at length I fell asleep.

But when I woke in the morning, day threw a different light upon the matter. The experience of the night looked a distorted fancy. There lay the town, calm in the sunlight, quaintly picturesque in its mosses—no such foul, mold-grown thing as it had seemed then. I recalled my wish to paint it, and after breakfast went to the old vine-grown porch. As I picked up my easel and mahl-brush they struck me with an unfamiliar air. Looking again, I saw they were spotted all over with fine gray patches. It seemed impossible, yet it was true. Closely seen the patches explained themselves,—the first formations of the omnipresent lichen growth.

My stagnant week and troubled night had left me irritable and unnatural. The trivial circumstance took a color out of all proportion to its importance, and haunted me with a curious insistence all day at my painting,—desultory splashing that accomplished nothing. Coming home in the twilight, however, I met something that put it out of my mind effectively. For in the street was a crowd, and beyond it smoke was rising: I was drawn by the odd magnetism the thing always has, and hurried to the strangest fire I ever have seen or shall see.

The crowd stood absolutely motionless before the ruin, now a smoking heap. There was not a bucket in sight, far less a hose tube. No furniture had been moved from the house; nothing at all but a pitiful little heap of small things that lay in the street. With unstirred faces the people stood looking at the central figure, crouched alone on the ground in the midst. I knew him well, in spite of hair and beard half singed away. It was my old guide of the first night, who had lived alone in the little box that lay in ashes. In trying to save his poor possessions he must have fallen into the flames. A piteous heap, rocking and moaning, he lay inside the semicircle of impassive bystanders.

With sudden rage I dashed myself into the crowd to break through to him.

"Curse you!" I shouted. "Will none of you lift a hand to help the old man? Are you all dead, that you stand by like corpses ——"

There fell a silence so sudden and awful that I stood startled. Even the moaning ceased. And in that deathly hush every face turned upon me, and every eye,—for the first time, full upon me. I caught the eye of the man who stood nearest me, and my joints stiffened with horror that petrifies. His face was close to mine, and the eyes directed upon mine, but they saw nothing. They were lusterless as lead, vacuous and sightless and sunken. Frozen, blood and limb, struggling with the sound of my own breath, I turned my eyes from face to face of that silent crowd. May the crime never be committed that shall deserve such pain! They stood, in the twilight, gray and rigid; and I cannot tell how long the horror held me bound, and I stood looking upon them, and aging as I looked; nor how soon the blessed cry came from my heart that broke that spell of agony. With the sound power came back to me, and I fled, never looking back, for always I felt those swarming eyes close behind, close behind.

. . . . . .

What on this imperfect earth could fill the place of the salt water? Its contact is a tonic; its mere aspect no less, unfailingly vital and new and pure. The fresh westerly breeze, aromatic of salt marshes, blew on my face and hair as I sailed into the great outer bay. I wet my temples with the cool, live water that gurgled and rushed at the stern. Yonder over the hills the moon was rising, and against the lighted sky far in the distance stood the

landmark steeple of my own town. Friendly in the dusk eame out the well-known beaeon of Meshaumuck. There I passed Coot Island, and there the Owl's Head; and at last reached my own harbor, where the belated idle craft of a summer night one by one left tacking toward the open, and put back with me to the haven, a free wind following.

M. H. S., '91.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE is a dreamy spring air, though the trees are bare and gaunt. The breeze bears a sweet odor, but in it is the fragrance of the dead, brown leaves that eraekle under our feet. To-night a lingering summer sunset makes the quiet lake look warm as well as bright, but to-morrow the sky is heavy, and the brown leaves are covered with snow. This is Indian Summer. It comes and goes mysteriously, like the strange, fascinating people who lived here before us. But because it is so lovable and ealm, the pious Aeadians called it the Summer of all Saints.

M. Y. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLLEGE MISSIONARY.

THE "social settlement" idea is one to whieh no college girl fails to respond. Whether she has a hand in the work herself or not, she sympathizes with its spirit, and is glad to know what part Wellesley has in all that is being done in Rivington Street, or Tyler Street, or St. Mary Street. And all the college girls, new and old, ought to know, as they take up their college interests in the fall, that Wellesley, and hence every girl in Wellesley, has part in another work—or let us call it the same work—in another neighborhood, farther away, but as elose in its claims upon our sympathy, if the faet of ignoranee and need eonstitutes sueh elaims; for the women and children of India are no whit cleaner, nor healthier, nor happier than our poor neighbors in Boston and New York, and have a right to ask the same kindly help from us. There is a woman who has gone out to live among these people, to heal their bodies and civilize their homes, to comfort their hearts and help their souls, with all the fervor of a college settlement

worker, and at greater cost of sadness and isolation to herself. This woman stands in a peculiar relation to Wellesley, for she is truly the college agent, looking to those who are in college now not only for the salary which they agree to pay, but for support and assistance in the work which she always feels to be their work, carried on by her. The heartiest support would surely come if all could come into personal touch with her. Those who were here in the winter of '94–'95 will remember her talk one Sunday evening in the college chapel just before she sailed for India, when she told what her plans for work were. Those who were in college during the years 1881–1886 will need no introduction to one whom they knew well in her student days. For the rest this is written, that to them also her personality may be a real thing and not only a name.

Julia Bissell was born in India of missionary parents, so in going out as your representative she goes back to her childhood's home, and has all the advantages of an early knowledge of the language and the people. Like all missionary children, she came to this country to be educated. After a year or two at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, not then a college, her ambition led her to undertake college work, and she entered Wellesley in 1881. That she was a "prominent girl" those who were there in her day would agree; and college girls know what qualities that fact implies. Strength and spirit, brains and good sense and good comradeship,—all these she was blessed with, and, better, with an earnestness and stability of character that made all honor her, and a warmth of affection that made her friends dearly love her. One of my earliest recollections of her is in the first days of Freshman recitations, when she read her Greek with a purity of accent and appreciation of meaning that brought an expression to the face of the professor such as any of us would have worked hard to win; and one of the last recollections is of the Senior Tree Day, when she bestowed on an under class the few privileges that Seniors had then to give, in words that raised a laugh in both classes, but surely left no bitterness behind. And between these two, many memories come of scenes in which she bore a prominent part; for she was one who entered into college life in every phase, and enjoyed it to the full: a member of the Beethoven Society (for in those days there was no College Glee Club), of the Crew of '85 (there was then no 'Varsity Crew), of the Shakespeare Society (there was no other), President of the Missionary So-

ciety, one of the first officers of the Christian Association, an enthusiastic student, a leader in all class fun. "Bright and brave" are the words that seem to describe best the impression she left on those who knew her; and brightness of intellect and wit, bravery and firmness in character, are the very qualities most essential for the kind of work that you have sent this woman to India to do.

After graduation from the five years' musical course with the degree of B.A., in 1886, Miss Bissell went to India as a missionary, doing the work of teacher and helper in her old home. Then came a return to this country and medical study in Philadelphia. Afterwards, with the new degree in medicine and an experience of a year's practice in the Philadelphia Woman's Hospital, where she was granted somewhat more responsibility than usually comes to the newly graduated assistant, Dr. Bissell sailed for India, December, 1894, as the Wellesley College Missionary.

This is the worker. Of the work it is not possible to tell much in the space of a short article. You will listen, to hear of it, to the letters that will come now and then to the missionary meetings from Dr. Bissell herself. There are two people now in this country who have seen her in her home: Miss Abbie Child, who is lately returned from a visit to Ahmednagar, and Miss Nugent, who has been herself a missionary there. Possibly from one of them you may hear before the end of the year something of the conditions of her life.

Only this needs to be said now. The medical missionary lives the life of a physician in this country, giving practically all her time to her patients; but with all her immense practice, which some physicians in this country would be inclined to envy, she does not make her living, as she could here, from her fees. Her personal remuneration comes in the form of a fixed salary paid, in the case of Dr. Bissell, by you. Yet neither are the patients treated freely; this would not encourage self-respect nor respect for the missionaries; but the meagerness of the fees which can be asked of the poor people makes a self-supporting work impossible. A dispensary on a very modest scale is all that has as yet been opened, and here the people come, often in crowds, for treatment. The rent of the building, the cost of furnishings, the cost of drugs, etc., must be met, and should be met by the friends of the work in this country who have only money to give, and not

their own lives and skill. No one knows how much of Dr. Bissell's own small salary goes into the running expenses of the work; but this is known, that last April, one of the hot months when the missionary in India needs rest and a cooler climate, Dr. Bissell was not among the hills, where she should have been, but in Poona, a warmer city even than Ahmednagar, taking the place of a physician in charge of the Church of Scotland Mission Hospital, and earning money thus to put into her own dispensary in Ahmednagar. The reason for such a necessity may be asked in surprise. It is the old story of lack of contributions from the people in America, who feel that they are suffering from "hard times." Appropriations cut down fifty per cent means an actual curtailment of half the means of work, and if these were insufficient before, the result is appalling to the worker. Bright and brave she is still, willing to halve her salary and her vacation, and writing cheerful letters home; but it is easy to read between the lines that in such circumstances it is sometimes hard to be bright or to be brave. If eight hundred Wellesley friends would be willing to share the burden and the sacrifice, the burden would become light and sacrifices scarcely necessary. Let these Wellesley friends make it literally true, as Dr. Bissell always insists it is true, that the work is theirs though done through her, by following it with intelligent sympathy and by standing ready to meet new needs with money gifts or other gifts. There is already a worker there of whom the College has a right to be proud. Then there might be a large work of which the College would also have a right to be proud, a center, in a needy neighborhood, of healing and of light.

ELIZA HALL KENDRICK.

OSAKA, JAPAN, May 2, 1896.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

Thank heavens, the microscope is found at last! It had been lying unclaimed in the safe hand of a firm. I have still many things done before I can make claims effective, but I can assure you it is a great relief to know its safety. I do not know how to thank you for the gift, and beg to be forgiven for causing so much anxieties about it.

Will you give me the names of the ladies who benevolently sent the invaluable article to us, so that I can tell my school of the gift and let them

thank you all. I wish the microscope was particularly mine (though wishing such a wish is surely full of sin), for then I might take it with me wherever I go and work, and am very sorry for it is not mine, because I am thinking to leave the school soon, and with the school the precious microscope I have to leave.

There are so many kinds of flowers in bloom now and I have worked on several new ones with my simple microscope, and I am expecting to work on the flowerless ones before long with the precious compound one.

Last Thursday we had a picnic down the seashore near the city, and we had such a grand time, I tell you; and caught so many clams that it made my stomach ache for eating some.

I shall write more when I get the microscope.

T. SUGIYE.

BAIKWA JO GAKKO.
Osaka, Japan.

EDITORIALS.

I.

WANTED, for the Bon-Swallows, Bon-fires!

II.

SURELY no day or generation has been more blessed than ours with clear and significant signs of the times. The placard in the basement window that announces "Borders wanted," the sign on Mrs. Rafferty's gatepost to let you know of "going out washin done hear," the more or less effective decoration of huge bowlders that might have been artistic features of the landscape, the gorgeous posters in the street cars, all tell one story while they tell so many. In these days, advertising is a part of any flourishing business. If a man doesn't advertise, something is the matter. He does not always believe that when you tell him so, of course. But let him beware of the haughty spirit that goes before a fall, or of the weakness and obscurity that failure to keep up in the competition must bring. And even a man convinced that he must advertise is not always convincible as to where it is best to put his money. Some take pages of the Sunday papers, and expend hundreds, from which they get no return after the first forty-eight hours. Some resort to calendars, bookmarks, buttons, as mediums. And some do advertise in the Wellesley Magazine. It is to this last-named class, readers all, that we wish to call your attention.

They are not philanthropists,—at least not in this connection. They have made a business investment, and they want their money back. It remains with you to prove your interest in the Magazine, and, incidentally, to support the veracity of your agents, by doing your part toward this end. The firms represented are all reliable. They are certain to give to customers at least the same courtesy with which they meet advertising agents. We can assure you that you need ask nothing more.

So we beg you to transact your business with the firms who advertise in the Magazine, and in the one act benefit advertisers, Magazine, and self.

III.

THE site and the architect for the new chapel have been decided upon, and we hope the foundations will soon be laid in *terra firma*. In June the Chapel Committee from the Board of Trustees chose four architects to draw up four separate sketches for consideration in September. Certain common conditions were agreed upon by the architects. All the plans were to be in pen and ink or monochrome, on the scale of one eighth of an inch to a foot, and the perspective in all was to be the same, with views of the front elevation, rear elevation, ground plan, transverse section and cross section. The architects also agreed upon recommending for the site the plateau between the rhododendrons and Music Hall, and there, accordingly, the chapel will stand. In September the four plans were duly presented to the Trustees. The contract was given to Messrs. Heins & Lafarge, of New York. Mr. Lafarge is the son of the eminent painter and designer, Mr. John Lafarge, and those not familiar with the work of the firm may be interested to know that Messrs. Heins & Lafarge, although young men and in strong competition with the best architects in the country, have won the distinction of being engaged to build the new cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. They will at once proceed to make definite designs for the chapel.

IV.

CONGRATULATIONS to Ninety-eight! They may yet become distinguished! For theirs will be the halo which we of older generations are fain to cast about the first senior class whose fathers and mothers may be invited freely, yes, even extravagantly, to Commencement exercises. But thrice happy is Ninety-seven, at length to fulfill its destiny by establishing a precedent! For we shall be the first body of alumnæ whose seats in chapel on Commencement Day have not been watered with the tears of disappointed home folk. Ours, therefore, will be the blessing of posterity,—a longer story, O Ninety-eight, than even the envy of one's predecessors!

V.

ONE of the Free Press articles of last June seems to us important enough to demand republication at the beginning of the college year. It is,

therefore, reprinted in the Free Press of this number. The article asks whether a girl can go through Wellesley on five hundred dollars a year, her clothes being furnished her in addition to this sum. That is, can she, ready-clothed, meet the incidental expenses of a course here with one hundred dollars a year, and not "feel shut out from the good times."

The question suggests the larger one—What is the average expense of a year at Wellesley, exclusive of board and tuition? In some colleges the annuals give averages of general expenditures, or the official calendars give averages or minimums of such essentials as books, stationery, and washing. But neither the "Legenda" nor the *Calendar* of Wellesley has ever furnished such information, and we therefore propose that the students supply the deficiency through the Magazine. This will demand a generous response on the part of the students to our request for statistics. It will take some time, though we think not much, to look up one's accounts, or to come at the amount of one's expenditures by more indirect means. But if each student will meet us half way, and send us the information we ask for, we shall be enabled to make estimates of general interest to the College, and of real use to many outside.

The general heads under which we would suggest grouping statistics of expense are: books; stationery of all sorts, and stamps; laboratory fees; washing; traveling expenses (not the cost of making home trips, but of the expeditions into town for pleasure or shopping, and of visits to friends in term time and vacation); dues and assessments for classes, athletic teams, the Christian Association, the College Settlements Association, the societies, the Concert Fund, and missions; room furnishings, storage and express charges, table celebrations, house parties, post-office keys, and other miscellanies.

Few students are called on to meet expenses under all these heads, but all are called on to meet some of them, and all can send us more or less detailed statements of them. Many girls keep accounts, and can estimate their expenses under the general heads given above, and even much more specifically. The more specifically the better, but the sum spent in bulk is also to our purpose. Girls who are on the allowance system can readily make such an estimate in bulk. Girls on the check system can add up their checks either from memory, or from accounts, or from information

which the "parent or guardian" will furnish. Girls on the allowance-plus-check system can employ all the memory devices mentioned above. Girls who have come to college with "just so much" to carry them through, can see how much of it they have spent each year. And girls who make their pin money while here, or have it given them, can count up their pickings and the gifts of the gods. In short, every student can, if she will, give us some needed statistics of expense.

We do not ask that the statistics include the names of students or of societies. Class rank, however, and the names of all organizations, except those of the six mutually exclusive societies, should be given.

VI.

It is hoped that the November Free Press may contain many answers to the question of the girl with five hundred dollars for the college year. Her inquiry is earnest. It is about something she needs to know, and ought to know, and none but Wellesley students can answer her; if we will not take the trouble, nobody else need try. It is boring, perhaps, to write a Free Press article uninspired by the smart of some recent injury or the ripening of some strong conviction; but it is worth while to be bored in order to help this girl to know what her money will buy for her here, what it will not buy, and what she can have without it.

VII.

Evidently all members of societies are not aware that all corresponding secretaries are supposed to send notice to the Magazine of meetings which the society cares to have reported. If those who read this will make it their mission to repeat it to their respective secretaries, they may do themselves as well as us some service. For we hereby give warning that our patience and our shoes are worn out, and we will run no more after society notes. Those not received by the time the Magazine goes to press will not be looked up, but simply omitted until they make their appearance. Of course, when this does finally occur the notice will appear in the following issue. We never refuse news. However *passé* in our college world, they may be fresh to alumnæ. Perhaps it is objected that the secretaries do not know when the Magazine goes to press. But no matter if the

day of the departure of the manuscript is veiled in mystery. Notices sent immediately after meetings will be sure to catch the earliest train to the Magazine columns, and to appear in print promptly on schedule time. Notices not so sent must hereafter take their chances.

GENERALISSIMA.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Now that the busy days of opening and organizing are past, and the reaction is coming in the quiet routine of work, we begin to look about us for the bright faces whose names we have on our autograph card souvenirs of the Christian Association reception. After meeting you in the corridors so many times we count you not as strangers, but as those united with us in all our interests and activities. This unity is fostered and increased through our interest in the Christian Association. In this organization we seek to carry on the work in which so many have been engaged at home along the lines of the Christian Endeavor Society and Epworth League. Our Association, the one organized expression of Christian life in the College, will, we feel sure, be of help to you, and will, moreover, be in need of your support. We are starting in our new work with most earnest hopes for a successful year. To make this success as great as possible, will you not join in the work and fellowship?

CORA CROSBY,
President.
EDITH HELEN LADD,
Chairman Reception Committee.

II.

DID you ever meet a Harvard man who did not know the words of Fair Harvard? and did you ever meet a Wellesley girl who did know The College Beautiful unless she happened to be on the Glee Club? It was at the Christian Association reception this year that I discovered it to be my mission to bring this to the Wellesley student mind.

I was leaning over the railing of the second floor center with a fair freshman who was eagerly listening for the first time to some of our Wellesley songs. Suddenly she turned toward me and said enthusiastically: "O

Bess, just as soon as we get home to-night I'm going to have you repeat the words of every one of those songs till I shall know them myself!" I blushed and stammered with the remark that "It would be a pleasure to me." How could I, a senior, confess to a freshman that I hardly knew the first verse of any of the songs?

If you were to visit my room now, you would see in my mirror's rim the second stanza of "Alma Mater." That is as far as I have progressed yet, but stanzas will follow each other in quick succession till I actually possess the songs of Wellesley.

It is a matter about which we should all think seriously.

ANNA ELIZABETH MATHEWS.

III.

THE question has recently been asked me, "Can a girl go through Wellesley comfortably on five hundred dollars a year?"

Students who are anxious to enter are debating whether they can afford to try it with only this amount to depend upon. The young girl who asks this question will have her clothes and traveling expenses outside this sum, but wishes to make five hundred dollars cover her board, tuition, books, stationery, heavy laundry, class dues and pin, missionary and other subscriptions. She wants to be able to enter into the general life of the College, and not to feel shut out from the good times.

When we hear that the class boat costs into the hundreds of dollars, cap and gown more than ten dollars, class dues and social spreads and entertainments in proportion, it makes the girl who has to count not only her dollars, but her pennies, wonder if Wellesley is the place for her.

There must be many students who can answer this question of expense.

It will be a help to many would-be Wellesley girls of the best kind if it can be frankly and fully discussed in the columns of the Magazine.

C. H. C., '84.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott, by Charles Knowles Bolton. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston and New York. Boards, $1.00.)

This little volume tells the story of a young woman who dealt effectively with a shilly-shallying lover some hundred and fifty years ago. She accom-

plished this by means of no feminine arts, but with a true New England directness delightful to witness. The young man failing repeatedly to make a satisfactory answer to the question, "What said you, Cousin Matthew?"—though, to be sure, he had said nothing, and she knew this perfectly before he told her so,—this daughter and sister of Connecticut governors showed her executive ability by remarking that it was time he did. We do not need the introductory note to assure us that the legend is true; no romancer would have given events precisely that turn. The story is told in blank verse, and two or three songs with a certain melody in them are introduced, though it is to be regretted that the New England maiden is made to sing of the skylark in these days of insistence on local color. An atmosphere of time and place is lent, however, by a digression upon the persecution of a heretical clergyman,—an incident of no other apparent relevancy to the story. The book is attractively dressed in a fittingly antique style, with heavy type, and illustrations in the manner of eighteenth-century woodcuts.

Heather from the Brae, by David Lyall. *Tyne Folk*, by Joseph Parker. (Fleming H. Revell Company. Linen, 75 cents each.) These two books both belong to the school of Scottish dialect, although the second is, accurately speaking, a product of Northumberland, as its name shows. Through one and the other rings the echo of another man's success. "Tyne Folk" may be geographically distant from Thrums folk, and artistically still more so, yet their inter-relation is unmistakable. Heather grows hard by the bonny brier bush on the brae, though it never can reach to the quarter height of its graceful neighbor. Mr. Parker's book has a reason in itself for being, in the touch of dry humor and a certain zest of local flavor it possesses, in spite of injury done to rules, literary and logical. The writer has the gift to be at times amusing, although this gift is unsupported by literary method. The author of "Heather from the Brae" balances in just the other direction. He writes paragraphs, and his stories deal with the subjects suggested in their titles; but through them all, though we may feel ourselves instructed ethically, we are unstirred emotionally. To be plain, we find ourselves in the position of those who read a book that is distinctly dull; and we regret the existence of literary fads that bring into being much that would otherwise have remained quietly uncreated.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Guide to the Study of American History, by Edward Channing, Ph.D., and Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Assistant Professors of History in Harvard University. Ginn & Co. A valuable book of reference, containing classified lists of sources and illustrative matter of all sorts, treatment of various methods of teaching history, and a topical epitome of American history, with references given with their topics.

Morceaux Choisis de Jules Lunaitre, by Rosini Mellé. Ginn & Co.

New Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by Webster Wells, S.B. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

La Princesse de Clives, par Mme. de la Fayette, edited by Benjamin F. Slidd, M.A., and Kendren Gorrell, M.A., Ph.D., Professors in Wales Forest College. Ginn & Co.

The Student's Series of Latin Classics, The Story of Teiruns, from Vergil's Æneid, edited by Moses Stephen Slaughter, Ph.D. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

Places and Peoples, edited by Jules Luquiens, Ph.D., Professor of Modern Languages in Yale University. Ginn & Co.

English in American Universities, by professors in the English departments of twenty representative institutions, edited by William Morton Payne. Heath & Co. Linen, $1.00.

EXCHANGES.

THE exchanges present their compliments, and regret that their premature removal from the Magazine office by a well-meaning but uninstructed attendant necessitates their absence from this number.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On May 27 the Classical Society held a meeting for the election of officers for the coming year. The following were the ones chosen: president, Julia D. Randall; vice president, Harriet W. Carter; recording secretary, M. Edith Ames; corresponding secretary, Florence E. Hastings; treasurer, Mary E. Pierce; executive committee, Miss Fletcher, Annie

Barnard, Mareia H. Smith. The election of factotums was postponed until this year.*

A programme meeting of the Classieal Soeiety was held on Saturday evening, September 26. The year's study of the elassie drama began with the following programme:—

I. Symposium.
   a. Latest news from Classie Lands.
   b. Some Greek Theatres: at Athens, Epidaurus, and Aspendus . . . . Graee Chapin.
II. Talk on the Development of the Attie Drama from the Festivals of Dionysus . Julia D. Randall.

Miss Jennie Finn, '97, Miss Louise Wood, '98, Miss Mary Galbraith, '98, and Miss Helen Bogart, '99, were initiated into the Soeiety.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Soeiety was held on September 26, with the following programme:—

Shakespeare News . . . . . Louise MeDowell.
Shakespeare's London . . . . . Bessie Sullivan.
Town and Country Life in the Sixteenth Century . . . . . Emily Johnson.
Dramatie Representation, Hamlet: Aet V., Scene I. . . . . .
Shakespeare's Silenee . . . . . Geneva Crumb.

Misses Julia Hill, Louise Orton, Joanna Oliver, Corinne Wagner, and Mary Spink, '99, were initiated into the Soeiety.

Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Rotherie, Miss Blake, '94, Miss Wellman, '95, and Miss Adams, '96, were present at the meeting.

The Society of Tau Zeta Epsilon held its initiation on Saturday evening, Oetober 3. Misses Helen Ordway, '97, Winifred Loughridge, '98, Berniee Kelley, Emily McClary, Ethel Norton, Lueile Reynolds, Olive Roseneranz, Graee Sutherland, Jessie Wagner, and Mabel Wood, of '99, were initiated into the Soeiety.

*The Editor begs leave to state that the omission of this notice in the June number was unfortunately unavoidable, since no notice was sent to the Magazine, and she was unable, in spite of much searching, to find the election list.

Society Zeta Alpha held its first meeting on September 26. Miss Alexina Galt Booth, Miss Helen M. Burton, Miss Franc E. Foot, and Miss Jeannette A. Marks, of '99, were taken into the Society. Misses Cora Stewart, Elizabeth Wood, Clara Willis, Emily Brown, Miss Hurll, and others of the alumnæ were present.

A meeting of the Agora was held in Elocution Hall, on Saturday evening, October 26. Miss Jessie Degen, '98, Miss Clara Brown, '99, Miss Mabel Bishop, '99, Miss Helen Davis, '99, Miss Martha Griswold, '99, Miss Carolyn Morse, '99, Miss Grace Phemister, '99, Miss Clara Woodbury, '99, Miss Olive Young, '99, were initiated. Miss Annie Cobb and Miss Elizabeth Zeigler, '96, were present at the meeting.

Society Phi Sigma held an initiation meeting in Society Hall, on October 3. Alice Reeve, '99, Bertha Wetherbee, '99, Lucy Plympton, '99, Mary Pierce, '99, Adeline Putnam, Sp., Mary Goldthwaite, '97, Esther Tibbals, '99, Mary Miller, '99, and Edith Mooar, '99, were taken into membership in the Society. Ethel Stanwood, '94, Theresa Huntington, '96, Josephine Batchelder, '96, Esther Bailey, '91, Alice Clement, '91, and Mary S. Wheeler, '94, were present at the meeting.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

October 3d.—Barn Swallows.
October 4th.—Preaching by Rev. J. E. Tuttle, of Amherst.
October 8th.—Durant Memorial, Address by Mrs. Anna S. Tuttle.
October 11th.—Preaching by Rev. J. E. Tuttle.
October 17th.—Current Topics 4.15. Barn Swallows Gold Rally in barn at 7.30.
October 18th.—Rev. Lyman Abbot, D.D.
October 19th.—Concert, Organ Recital, Mr. Wm. C. Carl, of New York City.
October 24th.—Agora, Gymnasium. Silver Rally.
October 26th.—Evening, Silver Question, Edward Atkinson.
October 31st.—4.15 P. M. in Chapel. Free Coinage of Silver, Robert Treat Paine. Hallowe'en Celebrations.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Main Building has been greatly changed during the summer vacation. The hospital has been moved to rooms directly over its old position. On the second floor a passage has been made through the old hospital to the gymnasium, so that the less agreeable approach through domestic hall need no longer be used. Two small dining rooms have been added also. The greatest change, however, has been in the placing of the offices. The general office is moved across the corridor to the room opposite on the south side; the old general office is now devoted to the cashier; the Dean's office has taken the place of the bookstore on the same corridor. The bookstore and post office are to be found on the west side of the first floor corridor next to the elevator. The offices of the President and Secretary are on the first floor center.

The abolition of domestic work has made a good deal of difference in the daily routine of the students. We no longer either sweep corridors or forget to sweep them. Theoretically, at least, all of us who are in college buildings are the richer by two hundred and forty minutes every week. One of the pleasantest features of the new order of things, too, is that no more dining-room work is required of the students. In the larger buildings this change makes a greater difference in the saving of hurry, worry, and broken dishes, than in the cottages; but the new order is welcomed alike by all. The change of the dinner hour from half past five to six, and the ending of all recitations at a quarter after four in the afternoon, are received with great favor also.

Professor Sarah F. Whiting, Professor Willcox, and Miss Ella Willcox are abroad for their Sabbatical year.

Miss Cordelia Nevers, '96, is in charge of Fiske Cottage for the year.

Miss Merrill, who has been an instructor in Mathematics at Wellesley for the last three years, is studying in Chicago University.

Miss Margarethe Müller, instructor in German, has returned to Wellesley after two years of study in Göttingen.

Mrs. C. A. Ransom, for a number of years past cashier of Wellesley College, has resigned; Mr. George Gould has succeeded her.

Miss Whitmore, who has been Health Offieer in College Hall for two years past, is now at the head of the Malden City Hospital.

Miss Agnes Claypole is at the head of the department of Zoölogy in place of Miss Willcox, who is absent from college this year.

Miss Katherine Coman, Professor of History and Political Economy, has returned from a year of residence abroad.

Miss Cordelia Nevers, of '96, is about to publish a collection of Wellesley verse. It is said that much of the best verse that has been written by students or by members of the Faculty will be reprinted in this book. Its publication is looked forward to with interest.

Professor Maltby, of the Physics department, who has returned from two years at Göttingen, received the degree of Ph.D. from that university. This is the first time that this degree has been conferred upon a woman by a German university.

Miss Margaret Sherwood, instructor in English Literature, is no longer in Wellesley.

Mlle. Hélène J. Roth, formerly in the College French department, is teaching in Bradford Academy this year.

Professor Denio has resigned her position in the History of Art department at Wellesley, to spend two or three years in foreign travel.

Miss Virginia Schoonover, formerly of '96, has returned to college as a member of the Class of '98.

Miss Eliza Craig and Miss Ethel Pennell, both formerly of '97, have returned to college this fall.

The Class of '97 is to have no "Legenda." The class lists will, however, be published in pamphlet form early in the year, and sold in the bookstore.

The Glee Club is organized for the year with the following members: first sopranos, Frances Hoyt, Bessie Jones, Amelia Ely, Mary Jaueh; seeond sopranos, Gertrude Bailey, Grace Sutherland, Margaret Merrill, Grace Bissell; first altos, Philobell Robbins, Elizabeth Cheney, Mabel Wall, Lucile Reynolds; seeond altos, Betty Scott, Florence Walker, Ethel Cobb, and Helen Cady. Miss Hoyt is the president of the Club, and Miss Margaret Merrill, leader.

The Christian Association held its annual reception for the Freshmen on the evening of September 21.

At a meeting of the College Settlement Chapter on September 30, the following officers were elected: vice president for the Faculty, Miss Coman; vice president for '97, Miss Crumb; for '98, Miss Capron; for '99, Miss Skinner; for 1900, Miss Bissell; and for the specials, Miss Converse. Miss Marks is secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer visited Wellesley on October 3, remained to the first Barn Swallows' entertainment that evening, and became a member of the club in the course of the meeting.

The first social meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the barn on October 3. The committee in charge of the meeting gave Miss Louisa Alcott's comic tragedy, "The Greek Slave," and an opera, "Bianca," of which the music was composed by the performers on the spot. Both of these plays are supposed to have been written by two of the "Little Women," Jo and Meg, and acted by them. The committee consisted of Helen Atkins, '97, Rachel Hoge, '98, Cora Russell, '98, Flora Skinner, '99, and Mabel Bishop, '99. A new committee, made up of two members from each class and one at large, is appointed to take entire charge of each meeting.

The officers of the Barn Swallows for the year are: president, Mary E. Haskell, '97; vice president, Edna Patterson, '98; treasurer, Ethelwyn Grenell, '98; secretary, Emily McClary, '99; custodian, Rachel Hoge, '98.

The Geology classes had planned an expedition to Winthrop on Monday, October 5, but the unpleasantness of the weather kept many at home. This is the first long journey which has been attempted by the students in Geology as yet.

The Durant memorial service was held in the chapel on October 8. Mrs. Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, of the Class of '80, gave the annual address. Her chief themes were Mr. Durant's carefulness of the little things, and his appreciative love of the beautiful, with his desire that the students should enjoy it also.

The Class of '97 held its meeting for the election of senior officers October 10, with the following results: vice president, Miss Shoemaker; recording secretary, Miss Shaw; corresponding secretary, Miss Black-

burn; treasurer, Miss King; historians, Miss Allen and Miss Collcs; factotums, Miss Gertrude Hall and Miss Piper; executive committee, Miss Elizabeth Evans, Miss Hathaway, and Miss Crumb.

The Class of '98 held its meeting for elections October 10. The following is the list of the junior officers: president, Miss Patterson; vice president, Miss Goodwin; recording secretary, Miss Nellie Brown; corresponding secretary, Miss Marshall; treasurer, Miss Fordham; historians, Miss Sullivan and Miss Rachel Hoge; factotums, Miss Sargent and Miss Rena Hall; executive committee, Miss Degen, Miss Irwin, and Miss Grenell.

The sophomores gave a reception to the freshmen on Saturday evening, October 10. The first and second floor centers were decorated with the green and white of '99. Mrs. Durant, Mrs. Irvine, Miss Stratton, with Miss Plympton and Miss Helen Davis, the president and vice president of '99, received. Refreshments were served, the sophomores gave their class song, and the Glee Club sang a number of the college songs.

The Rev. Dr. Peloubet, of Auburndale, preached in the college chapel on Sunday, October 11.

Professor Niles, Mrs. Niles, and Miss Fisher received the members of the Geology classes in the Stone Hall parlors on Monday evening, October 12. The parlors and hallway were trimmed with autumn leaves, and refreshments were served in the hall. In spite of the unpleasant weather a large number of guests were present.

A meeting of the Barn Swallows was held October 14, and the following resolutions were passed:—

I. *Resolved*, That we, the members of the Barn Swallows of Wellesley College, offer our hearty thanks to the College Trustees for their kindness and generosity in opening the barn to the students for an assembly hall.

II. That the Trustees have thus supplied a long-felt want in our college life, as is shown by the many uses to which the barn has already been put, viz.:—

It has been used for indoor sports and gymnasium practice;

For a class reception;

For Tree Day rehearsals;

For class meetings;

For the Shakespeare play;

For the first Barn Swallow entertainment.

III. *a*. That, since the barn in its present condition, without provision for heating or lighting, is unfit for use by the students between the months of October and May;

b. That, since the use of the barn is necessary to the continuation of the Barn Swallows, the membership of this club numbering already more than can be accommodated in the gymnasium or any other place of assembly in the College;

c. That, since we should regret to be obliged, for want of a meeting-place, to dissolve, or suffer to lapse, this club, which may become a power for good in the College life;

d. That, since we appreciate, however, something of the difficulties the Board meets in finding funds with which to fit the barn for winter use;

e. That, therefore, we engage, if the Trustees will provide for the heating of the barn, that we ourselves will pay for the putting in of electric lights.

IV. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Board of Trustees.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

All alumnæ are especially referred to Editorials IV., and VI. (on the new chapel, and estimates of incidental expenses at Wellesley); to Free Press article III. (on incidental expenses); to the beginning and the end of College Notes (changes in the College, and resolutions from the Barn Swallows to the Trustees about heating the barn).

Mrs. Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80, visited the College on Oct. 8, for the purpose of delivering the address in memory of Mr. Durant. After the services the alumnæ of this vicinity met Mrs. Tuttle in the Faculty parlor.

Mrs. Edwina Shearn Chadwick, '80, spent a part of the summer at the College. She is teaching Literature in the Classical School for Girls in New York.

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, '80, and Mrs. Louise McCoy North, '79, took luncheon at the College on Oct. 7.

Mrs. Carrie Soule Metcalf has returned from her year in Germany, and is again with her husband and son at Carleton College, Minnesota.

Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81, has taken charge of the Kent Place School, in Summit, New Jersey.

Miss Laura Jones, '82, has taken charge of a private school in Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, '83, who served us so ably last winter as chairman of the committee appointed by the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ to inspect the sanitary condition of the Boston public schools, has been chosen president of the College Club for the ensuing year.

Mary E. Loveless, '83, is teaching in the Hathaway-Brown School, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Alice H. Luce, '83, is instructor in English at Bryn Mawr.

Mary Christine Wiggin, '85, is teaching in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Helen A. Merrill, '86, is studying Mathematics at Chicago University.

Ada G. Wing, '86, is giving a course in Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene in the Woman's College of Brown University.

Eliza T. Womersley, '87, has accepted a position in the Woburn (Mass.) High School. Her subjects are English and French.

Lucy F. Friday, '87, is teaching in the Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburg.

Catharine McCamant, '87, is teaching in Blairstown, Penn.

Jessie Allen and Adelaide Denis, both of '87, are teaching in Hosmer Hall, St. Louis.

Mary E. Parker, '87, received the medal for the prize essay on Music from the American Institute of Normal Methods, Brown University.

Miss Harriet Howe, '88, is teaching in St. Louis, Mo.

Gertrude Willcox, '88, returned in July from a year in France.

Elizabeth F. Abbe, '88, has been appointed Professor of Greek at Mount Holyoke.

Jeanette Welch, '89, took her Ph.D. in Physiology, August 20, from the University of Chicago. She is now teaching in Duluth, Minn.

Helen Holmes, '89, is teaching History of Education, Science, Occupations, and Psychology in Miss Wheeloek's School, 284 Dartmouth Street, Boston. She was one of the kindergartners present at the Summer Institute, Martha's Vineyard.

Miss Mary Stinson, '89, and Miss Helen Foss, '94, visited Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, on their way to and from Colorado.

Dr. Mary O. Hoyt, '89, made a short visit in Chicago, in July.

Katharine Mordantt Quint, '89, who has been pursuing graduate eourses in Greek and English Literature at Dartmouth College during the past year, received the degree of M.A. from that institution in June, 1896. She was also made an honorary member of the Class of 1846, to which her father, Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint, belongs, on the oecasion of its fiftieth anniversary, and was the first woman ever present at the Dartmouth Alumni Dinner. Miss Quint relates some of her Hanover experiences in an interesting artiele entitled "A Woman in a Man's College," whieh appeared in the Educational number of the *Congregationalist*, on August 15.

Bertha E. Smith, '90, is teaching Greek and Latin in Metzger College, Carlisle, Penn.

Evangeline Hathaway, '90, has accepted a position in Mr. Volkman's Preparatory School for boys in Boston. She has charge of the English department.

Caroline E. Noble, '90, teaches another year at Hempstead, L. I.

Mary Woodin, '90, is teaehing Latin and Mathematies in Miss Dana's school, Morristown, N. J.

Mabel A. Manson, '90, is teaching in the Portsmouth, N. H., High School.

Alice M. Richardson, '90, spends a year in resting from her library work at Northfield.

Grace Eastman, '91, is spending the winter in study. Her address is 41 West 124th Street, New York City.

Amy Mothershead, '91, is at Miss Dana's boarding school in Morristown, N. J.

Hattie L. Jones, '91, remains this year in the same position in the Jamestown, N. Y., High School.

Mary E. Lewis, '91, who was last year in Chicago University, is this year teaching English at State University of South Dakota.

Jane Weatherlow, '91, is teaching in St. Cloud, Mich.

Grace Jackson, '91, spent the summer abroad.

Blanche L. Clay, '92, is at her home in Boston, as last year. She is engaged in journalistic work.

Maud Ryland Keller, '92, has taken charge of the English Literature department in Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

Mary Alice Emerson, '92, is teaching English in the Norwich Free Academy. Letters may be addressed to 32 Lincoln Avenue, Norwich, Conn. Vacation Address, 193 Warren Avenue, Boston.

Mary R. Eastman, '92, is teaching in Miss Whitfield and Miss Bliss's school in New York City.

Gertrude Woodin, '92, is teaching in Greenport, L. I.

Florence Wilkinson, '92, who spent the summer in the wilds of Canada, has been writing stories of the French Canadian life.

The engagement of Mary Hazard, formerly of '93, to Professor Frost, of Dartmouth, is announced.

The engagement of Florence Tone, '93, is announced. Miss Tone is preceptress of the Academy at Ellenville, N. Y.

At the wedding of Clara S. Helmer, '93, Miss Lillian Helmer was maid of honor, and Miss Helen Hill, '92, Miss Louise Brown, '92, and Miss

Winifred Augsbury, '95, were among the bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill are at home after November 1, at 188 30th Street, Chicago.

Emily Howard Foley, '93, will teach this year.

Minnie Alice Shepherd, '93, has accepted the position of lady principal of the Wilkinson Female Institute, Tarboro, N. C.

Alice Hamlin, '93, has been appointed Professor of Philosophy at Mt. Holyoke College.

Nan M. Pond, '93, holds a position in the Peck Library, Norwich, Conn.

Annie B. Tomlinson, '93, is acting as Secretary of the Brookline High School.

Maria Alice Kneen, '93, is teaching Latin and Pedagogics in Atlanta, Georgia.

Gail Laughlin, '94, is studying law in Cornell.

Louise J. Pope, '94, who has spent the past year in traveling abroad, returned to this country in August.

Edith Judson, '94, is teaching in the High School at Montclair, N. J.

Caroline Fitz Randolph, '94, is to spend another winter in Berlin studying music.

Blanche C. Staples, formerly of '94, has a position as governess in a Boston family.

Elizabeth McGuire, '94, has private pupils at her home in Rochester, N. Y.

S. Julia Burgess, '94, is teaching in the North Tonawanda, N. Y., High School.

Mary K. Conyngton, '94, has returned to Fort Worth, Texas, for the winter.

Helen R. Stahr, '94, retains her old position in the High School at her home, Lancaster, Pa.

Miss Gertrude Angell, '94, is teaching Mathematics in the Buffalo High School.

Miss Helen Foss, '94, and Miss Edith Jones, '95, are teaching in a Methodist preparatory school recently opened on Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Miss Elizabeth Bartholomew, '94, is teaching in the Chevy Chase School, Washington.

Mary K. Isham, '94, has joined the ranks of teachers.

Miss May D. Newcomb, '94, was camping with Mrs. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth, special, '89–91, and party at Estes Park, during August.

Clarissa White Benson, '94, is teaching Latin in the Columbus, Ohio, High School.

Clara M. Kruse, '94, spent some weeks at the Amherst Summer School. On her way back to Colorado, she spent August 20 at the College.

Helen Drake, '94, is studying music in Albany.

Edith L. R. Jones, '95, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Philadelphia Collegiate Institute for Girls.

Elizabeth R. Waite, '95, is acting as Assistant in the High School at Barrington, R. I.

Helen J. Stimpson, '95, is teaching Greek and French in the High School of Holden, Mass.

Julia Phelps, '95, has accepted a position as preceptress of the Andes, N. Y., Academy and Union Free School.

Sophie Voorhees, '95, is teaching Greek and Rhetoric in the Auburn, N. Y., High School.

Frances Hildreth, '95, has a position in the Bangor, Me., High School.

Ina M. Chipman, '96, has charge of the Scientific department of the Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario.

Jessie Evans, '96, is teaching in the High School of Greenwich, Conn.

Grace Woodin, '95, is teaching in Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Cornelia Huntington, '95, attended the General Conference of Christian Workers at Northfield this summer.

Alice Campbell is teaching in the Milford, N. H., High School.

Mabel Wellman has a position as teacher of science in the Brookline schools.

Alice C. Howe is teaching Mathematics in the Concord, Mass., High School.

May Cannon, '95, is teaching Physiology in the Fitchburg Normal School.

Iza B. Skelton, '95, has accepted a position as teacher of Mathematics and Physics in the Creal Springs, Ill., College.

Bertha March spent the summer in Wellesley village.

Elizabeth A. Stark, '95, is back at the College as assistant in the General Office.

Miss M. Gertrude Wilson, '95, of the department of History in Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y., has been spending two weeks with Miss Grace Woodin, '95, vice principal in Elizabethtown High School, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Grace Caldwell, '95, remains in the same position in the High School at Plainfield, N. J.

Helen M. Kelsey, '95, is back at the College as assistant in the English department.

Josephine Thorpe, '95, is taking graduate work in English Literature at the College.

Grace Waymouth, '95, has joined the training class in Brookline, Mass.

May Merrill, '95, is teaching in Woodstock, Vt.

Alice Hunt, '95, is teaching in Mrs. Meade's School, Norwalk, Conn.

Sarah E. Capps, formerly of '95, and Edith Capps, formerly of '96, are studying at Chicago University.

Mary H. McLean, '96, is teaching English Literature in the Haverhill, Mass., High School.

Mary Edith Raines, M.A., '96, is teaching Latin and Literature in a boarding school in Irvington, Cal.

Theresa Huntington, '96, has been appointed instructor in Gymnastics at the High School in Milton, Mass.

Joanna S. Parker, '96, has assumed the management of a school for children at her home in Atchison, Kansas.

Ada Belfield, '96, is teaching at a private school in Chicago.

Mary Hefferan, Elizabeth Snyder, and Alice Schouler, '96, are spending the winter at home.

Martha Shackford, '96, is teaching in Conway, N. H.

Virginia Sherwood, '96, is teaching Mathematics and English in a private school in Rochester, N. Y.

Elva H. Young, '96, is studying law at Cornell University.

Prudence Thomas, '96, is teaching Greek in Science Hill, Shelbyville, Kentucky.

During the opening days of the term Clara Keene, '96, was at the college assisting in the work on the schedule.

Cornelia Janssen, '96, is teaching German and English in the High School of Westerly, R. I.

Grace E. Morgan, '96, is teaching in the Amherst High School.

Myra L. Boynton, '96, is teaching science in the High School of Methuen, Mass.

Louise McNair, '96, has a position in Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, Missouri.

Bessie Gray Pierce, '96, is acting as assistant in the Lincoln School of Wakefield, Mass.

Lucy C. Mott, '96, has accepted the principalship of a church boarding school in Ashland, Kentucky. Miss Bogardus, '96, is her assistant.

Edith Whitlock, '96, is teaching in Mrs. Mulholland's School in San Antonio, Texas.

Evangeline Kendall, '96, is principal of the High School in South Windsor, Conn.

Cora F. Stoddard, '96, is teaching Latin and French in the Middletown, Conn., High School.

Elizabeth S. Adams, '96, is at the Boston Training School.

Abbie L. Paige, Adah Hasbrook, and Annie E. Cobb, all of '96, are at the Brookline Training School.

Cordelia C. Nevers, '96, has charge of Fiske Cottage.

Flora M. Crane, special, '89, has an appointment in Pleasant Hill Academy, Pleasant Hill, Tenn.

Mary Elizabeth Hart, special, '92–94, has a position as teacher of Biology in Western College, Oxford, Ohio.

Edith Sawyer, special, '92–95, spent Sunday, October 4, at the College.

Clara D. Merriman, special, '94–96, is in charge of the English department of the Indian School in Carlisle, Pa. Carlisle has the largest Indian school in America.

Lucy B. E. Willcox, special, '90–95, is to have charge of Dickinson House, Lawrenceville, N. J., where her brother is master in Greek.

Mabel A. Carpenter, special, '93–95, has a poem entitled "Reality" in the *New England Magazine* for July.

Hattie E. Moore, special, '93–96, is teaching in Frœbel Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence Foster, special, '83–85, has been appointed principal of the Prospect Hill School, in Greenfield, N. J.

The following members of '96 have visited Wellesley since the opening of college: Emily H. Brown, Martha A. Bullis, Edith E. Butler, Annie E. Cobb, Helen F. Cooke, Isabella H. Fiske, Frances G. Hershey, Ethel L. Howard, Clara R. Keene, Amy S. Lane, Anna K. McChesney, Mary H. McLean, Louise McNair, Abbie L. Paige, Clara A. Sizer, Elizabeth R. Snyder, Mary A. Woodward, Edith E. Wyllie, Elva H. Young.

The freshman class, 1900, numbers among its members sisters of the following former students: May Cannon, '95; Edith Capps, formerly of

'96; Mary Chase, '96; Frances Lance, '92; Alice Norcross, '95; Bertha Rockwell, special, '93–94; Bessie Rogers, special, '92–96; Cora F. Stoddard, '96.

The graduate department has this year among its members the following alumnæ: Mrs. Helen Womersley Norcross, '80; Hester D. Nichols, '84; Mary C. Mosman, '86; Edith A. True, '87; Clara M. Keefe, Harriet R. Pierce, '88; Margaret E. Hazen, '91; Frances E. Lance, '92; Gertrude Bigelow, Alice Reed, '93; Roxana H. Vivian, Mary H. Holmes, Carolyn Peck, '94; Gertrude B. Smith, Josephine Thorpe, '95; Josephine H. Batchelder, Alzora Aldrich, Mary F. Davenport, Annie M. Robinson, Grace B. Townsend, Annie K. Tuell, Elizabeth Ziegler, '96.

Mrs. F. W. Case is at present Resident Secretary of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Columbus, Ohio. Her address is 64 South Fourth Street.

REPORT OF NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

September brings a lull in the activity of the New York College Settlement. The winter classes do not begin until October. The summer home at Mount Ivy was closed on the 9th of September, after a very happy summer for both guests and hostesses. The visitors were particularly delighted with the freshness and cleanness of all the furnishings of the new house.

During the vacation painters and paper hangers have been busy at 95 Rivington Street, with very gratifying results; while the dining room rejoices in the acquisition of one of Hopkinson Smith's Venetian water colors.

The Settlement is fortunate in retaining six of last year's residents, including the Head Worker and Assistant Head Worker, the music teacher, and the kindergartners.

The Philadelphia Settlement, for eight weeks during the summer, received ten children each week into its summer home at Kennett Square. In addition to this, parties from the Settlement were entertained at Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore Colleges.

Through the summer months band concerts were given every Friday evening in a small park adjoining the Settlement House in Philadelphia.

The space was lighted by gasolene lamps, and benches were arranged for the accommodation of those who wished to rest while listening. About five hundred people each night took advantage of these open-air concerts, some lingering for a short time, while others, oftentimes with sleeping children in their arms, remained until the last note sounded.

The results of the first nine months at the Philadelphia Settlement Kitchen were very encouraging. The receipts for the month of June were $497.60, as compared with $230.38 in January. These figures are remarkable when it is remembered that the average purchase amounts to about ten cents.

A class for the study of practical sociological subjects has been organized at the Philadelphia Settlement. Informal lectures will be delivered by men and women qualified by both theoretical and practical training, to speak on their various subjects. The lectures will be followed by discussion and class work.

The Western Wellesley Association held its annual meeting in Chicago, at the Wellington Hotel, on Sept. 14, 1896. Owing to the bad weather the number present was not as large as it has been in previous years. At a short business meeting, which preceded the banquet, the question of consolidation with the Chicago Wellesley Club was discussed, and a committee to take charge of the matter was appointed, consisting of the president and secretary, and a charter member of the Association. It was voted that the officers of this year hold their positions for another year. The officers are: president, Miss May Pitkin, '95; first vice president, Mrs. Fred. S. Tyrrell; second vice president, Mrs. V. Crain-Moller, '88; corresponding secretary, Miss Christine Caryl, '95; recording secretary and treasurer, Miss Alberta Baker, '96; annalist, Miss Florence Foley, '97. At 2 o'clock the members and guests sat down to a banquet. After the menu toasts were responded to as follows: "Art in the Public Schools," Miss Ellen Starr, of Hull House; "Social Obligations of an Educated Life," Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago Commons; "Some Anthropological Experiences," Professor Frederic Starr, of the U. of C.; "The Annals of the College Year," Miss Julia Lyman, '96. Among the out-of-town guests present were Miss M. J. Beattie and Miss D. B. Emerson, of Rockford, Ill.; Miss Tuck, of Philadelphia; Miss Merrill, of

Milwaukee, and Miss Florence Foley, of Lincoln, Ill. Among the others present were: Mrs. Dr. Loeb, Miss Ada Belfield, Miss C. Williamson, Miss E. C. Brooks, Miss M. A. Davis, Miss C. Caryl, Miss Olive Ely, Miss Ely, Miss Gertrude Willcox, Miss Julia Lyman, Mrs. L. C. Weare, Miss Pitkin. The banquet was followed by an informal reception.

The annual reunion of the Maine Wellesley Association was held at Riverton Park, Portland, September 3. After a sail up the beautiful Pasumpscot River, lunch was served in the Casino. Evangeline Hathaway, '90, was toastmistress. The following responses were made: "Wellesley of Yesterday," Isabelle Clark, '80; "Wellesley of To-day," Mabel Wood, '99; "Wellesley of To-morrow," Ethel Norton, '99; "Maine Wellesley Association," Alice Lord. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. Mina Rounds Murchie, '87; vice president, Kate Nelson, '95; corresponding secretary, Addie Bonney, '94; recording secretary, Gertrude Timmons; executive committee, Isabelle Clark, '80, Miss Libbey, Mabel Wood, '99. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the members of the Association. It has been decided to organize Wellesley Clubs throughout Maine in addition to the State Association.

MARRIAGES.

Ahlers–Gilman.—In Wellesley, Mass., July 8, Miss Mary Russell Gilman, '88, to Prof. Louis A. E. Ahlers. At home, Colorado Springs, Col.

Rogers–Slater.—In South Hadley, Mass., June 18, Miss Elizabeth Slater, '88, to Mr. George B. Rogers. At home, Exeter, N. H.

Kohlmetz–Bothwell.—In Albany, N. Y., September 24, Miss Alice Gray Bothwell, '90, to Mr. George W. Kohlmetz. At home after November 1, 181 Taylor Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Belden–Burr.—In Treadwell, N. Y., July 1, Miss Lillian Burr, '91, to Mr. Frank Orson Belden.

Herrick–West.—In Rome, N. Y., July 22, Miss Flora May West, '91, to Mr. Newton Jay Herrick. At home, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Wardwell–Morgan.—In Boston, September 2, Miss Lucy Belle Morgan, '92, to Mr. Charles Henry Wardwell. At home, Dunklee Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

MERRILL–HELMER.—In Chicago, Ill., September 15, Miss Clara Seymour Helmer, '93, to Rev. William Pierson Merrill, brother of Miss Helen A. Merrill, '86.

MURRAY–WINTON.—At Birchwood, Saranac Inn in the Adirondacks, September 2, Miss Katharine May Winton, '93, to Dr. Gilbert D. Murray.

SMALL–BLACK.—In Adelaide, N. C., August 3, Miss Isabella Black, '94, to Mr. E. Onslow Small.

HERRICK–KELLOGG.—In Kenwood, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1896, Miss Eleanor N. Kellogg, '94, to Mr. Paul Bernard Herrick.

POTTER–PIERCE.—August 12, Miss Millicent Louise Pierce, '94, to Mr. James Tracy Potter. At home, after November 1, Lawrence, Kan.

BLACKBURN–SHERWIN.—In Denver, Col., August 28, Miss Annette Sherwin, formerly of '94, to Mr. William Henry Blackburn.

GORDON–WATSON.—In Lawton, Mich., September 15, Miss Florence Opal Watson to Mr. Charles Gordon.

LEWIS–BAKER.—In Boston, September 23, Miss Elizabeth Baker, formerly of '98, to Mr. William H. Lewis. At home, after January 4, 14 Allen Street, North Cambridge.

RENFREW–SPAULDING.—In Haverhill, Mass., June 3, Miss Marjorie Wellington Spaulding, special, '98, to Mr. Levi Brown Renfrew. At home Wednesdays, after July 8, at Bonnie Brae, Adams, Mass.

JOHNSON–LORD.—In Calais, Me., July 15, Miss Carolyn Mae Lord, special, '97, to Mr. Franklin Winslow Johnson. At home Wednesdays, after September, Waterville, Me.

RAYMOND–HOVEY.—In Newburyport, Mass., September 15, Miss Clara Louise Hovey, special, '92–94, to Rev. Royal Raymond. At home, Southport, Conn.

EDGETT–TORREY.—In Somerville, Mass., September 15, Miss Evelyn Torrey, special, '90–94, to Mr. Edwin Francis Edgett. At home Tuesdays, after November 1, 399 Elm Street, West Somerville.

BIRTHS.

October 3, 1896, at Chicago, Ill., a daughter, Margaret Clark, to Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fiske, '85–87.

June 27, 1896, at Stoneham, Mass., a son, Francis Edwin, 3d, to Mrs. Etta Parker Park, '90.

September 6, 1896, at Trebeins, Ohio, a son, Frederick Trebein, to Mrs. Elizabeth Trebein Flynn, '93.

August 20, 1896, at Newton Centre, Mass., a daughter, Margaret Sumner, to Mrs. Alice Jones Shedd, '93.

May 17, 1896, at Dayton, Ohio, a son, Brainerd Alden, to Mary Colby Thresher, '94.

DEATHS.

In New Mexico, in May, 1896, Mrs. Morton, formerly stewardess of the College.

In Sandusky, Ohio, July 6, 1896, the father of Mrs. Maryette Goodwin Mackey, '87.

In Boston, March 28, 1896, Mrs. John E. Parker, mother of Etta Parker Park, '90.

In New London, Conn., May 27, 1896, Ella Richardson, sister of Alice M. Richardson, '90.

Last spring, the father of Mary Woodin, '90, Gertrude Woodin, '92, and Grace Woodin, '95.

In Selma, Ala., in July, 1896, Miss Katherine Holley, formerly of '92.

September 9, 1896, Mr. Daniel Bullard Pond, father of Nan M. Pond, '93.

October, 1896, the father of Sarah Ellen Capps, formerly of '95.

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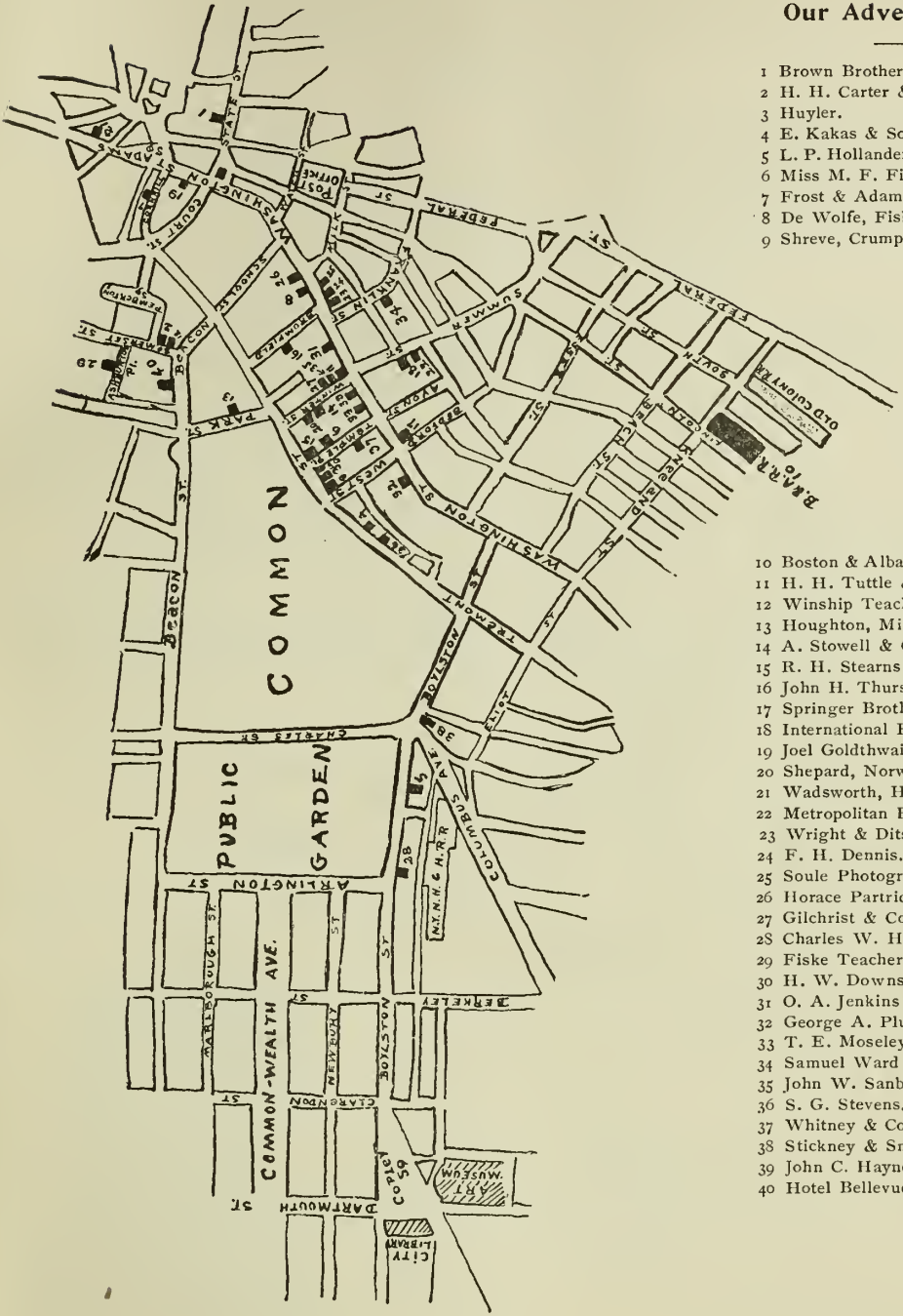

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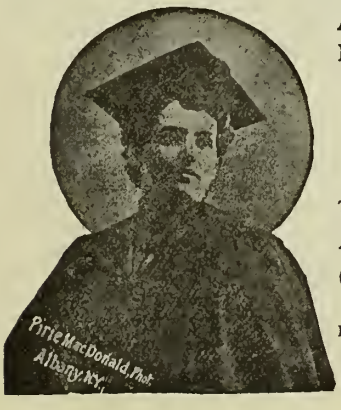

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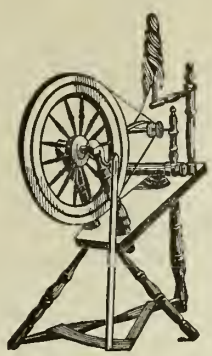

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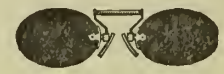

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